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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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THE SOCIETY'S PERIODICALS.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly publication of thirty-two pages, contains the proceedings of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies in behalf of seamen, its aim being to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and commend it to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of the community.

It is also designed to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., are given in its pages, with correspondence and articles from our foreign chaplains, and from chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical.

THE MAGAZINE is sent to single subscribers for ONE DOLLAR a year, invariably in advance. It will also be furnished to Life Directors and Life Members of the Society, gratuitously, upon annual request for the same.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND is issued as a four page tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished to Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT, a four page sheet, published monthly, will contain brief tales, anecdotes, incidents, etc., and facts relating to the work of the LOAN LIBRARIES issued by the Society.—Any Sabbath-School contributing to the Society \$20, for a LOAN LIBRARY, may receive fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

All Remittances for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in payment of subscriptions to the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, or for other purposes, should be sent, for security, by check, draft on New York, or P. O. Money Order,—payable to the order of WILLIAM C. STURGES, Treasurer, at 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y. Acknowledgment of their receipt will be forwarded to the sender by return mail, and if not duly received, the Treasurer should at once be notified. If impracticable to procure checks, etc., the money may be forwarded, but always in a registered letter. All Postmasters are now obliged to register letters when asked to do so, at a fee of ten cents each.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE



AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Vol. 54,

JANUARY, 1882.

No. 1.

“THERE IS SORROW ON THE SEA!”

And how,—one is driven to ask, can there be much in human experience upon the sea, aside from sorrow,—during this winter season of 1881-2, memorable for its constant and terrible tempests on the deep? Each shattered steamer creeping into port after a voyage of nearly twice the ordinary length, reiterates and impresses the old truth. Every vessel that set out for its desired haven, with full sail and flying colors, for which strained eyes have long looked, and weary hearts waited, in vain,—emphasizes it. “*There is sorrow on the sea!*”

There is so much of it, moreover, that its apprehension is forced to an unusual place in men's thoughts. The press teems with its record. We are not merely warranted,—we are constrained to put this truth into the very forefront of our pages at this opening of the year. May God grant that when our words are taken up and read in the quiet and warmth and luxury of hundreds of city and country homes, some fit sense of the import and relations of this sorrow may be stirred in the hearts of all to whom they come! Look, friends, at a few facts, as we portray and arrange them.

“Fighting Hurricanes and High Seas,” “Broken Limbs,” “Lost Boats,”—these are the suggestive but inadequate headings of one day's sea calendar in a single journal, repeated in every fresh issue. “Comfort for anybody was absolutely out of the question,”—“I pitied the poor passengers; they were so badly off that it seemed as if they must die,”—“the chief officer was knocked from his feet and had his right leg broken in two places,”—“the engines broke down in mid-ocean,”—

“heavy seas dashed over the forecastle at a fearful rate,”—“no one expected to reach port,”—“two life boats were swept from the davits,”—“the officers’ bridge was almost torn away,”—“the *Suevia* and the *Somerset* have put into St. John, disabled,”—such are the words, and others like them, which note how the raging elements have brought sorrow to human hearts, and they have been taken from the papers of only two or three days past. And they but tamely point to the sorrow itself, for they indicate little that might not be endured, by stout hearts, with equanimity.

Deeper sorrow came from the sea, the other day, to the German father, Holul, who waited with eager joy at Castle Garden, for the steamer *Rhein*, because it was to bring to him from Bremen, his wife and boy,—when he got from the vessel, only his little son,—and was told that on the 26th November, the wife and mother thrown by a pitch of the ship to the deck below, was killed and had been buried at sea. Poignant sorrow, too, has fallen on the hearts that are mourning because a few days ago out of the *Castor* were lost her first mate and two seamen.

And there stood in our Rooms, but a fortnight since, asking us for help on his way to Charleston, which we gladly gave,—the brave ARTHUR McKEE, 2nd mate of the bark *Low Wood*, whose heroic story was only possible because of sorrow on the sea. October 20th, in mid-Atlantic, they had sighted from the *Low Wood*, the British bark *Bend D’Or*, in distress. In the tempest her cargo had shifted, spars and sails were gone, she was on her beam ends, sinking, and the sea which was running heavy, made a clean breach over her. All her boats were stove in, and the wretched crew, huddled together aft, behind a sail which for a little kept off the wash of the waves, looked out to die. To the call for men to try and reach them from the *Low Wood*, the first mate, JAMES, with four sailors, SMITH and RUSSELL of Liverpool, EUGENE of Havre, and HAMILTON of Belfast, answered immediately, in their one sizeable and useful boat. Toiling and tossing on their errand of salvation, the boat swamped before the eyes of both crews, and the five sank to the fate from which they went to save the others. Conceive the deluge of despair that overwhelmed the poor fellows on the *Bend D’Or*. But as night fell, they saw the *Low Wood* signal that she would “stand by.”

By morning of the 21st she had drifted, however, six miles to leeward of the wreck. All that day she got no nearer, nor in the night that followed. Day came once more, and with its opening light on the morning of the 22nd, the two vessels were from fifteen to twenty miles apart. When the *Low Wood* worked closer, the question was,—

who, if any one, would go from her, in a small boat fit to hold only three men, that remained, in another perilous journey of endeavor at rescue. With the memory of their drowned shipmates freshly upon them, McKEE and two seamen did go, and brought all the *Bend D'Or's* crew to their own bark, in two trips, over surging billows. Their second return was made with the water filling their overloaded boat, so that they bailed it with their hats. That is a story of chivalry worthy a song from the noblest of the poets,—but it is as well a tale of sorrow, over the reality of which men's and women's heart-strings vibrate in anguish, as we write, and as you read.

Was there not “sorrow on the sea,” in October, when the *Delia Hodgkins* capsized off Pollock's Rip Light Ship on the Massachusetts coast, and sixteen men went overboard? We have been told how they all got into the yawl and clung to it for dear life until the fury of the storm abated. Then they beat hard against the wind and breakers without making any progress. One by one they laid down their oars and dropped upon the seats in sheer despair. Most of them lost their reason in the intense physical and mental strain; they muttered in delirium, moved uneasily about and wildly clutched the air or fastened with the grasp of maniacs upon the gunwales. In the night of November 4th, four died from exhaustion, and were thrown overboard. In this suffering the captain bore up the spirits of the poor fellows, and sat up the long nights, bailing out the craft to keep it from swamping, and finally gained the attention of a passing coast schooner from which help was obtained. It was the reality of sorrow, from beginning to end.

What does one see, clearest of all things, but the same sorrow,—although a grand character shines through it,—on the south shore of Carnarvon Bay, on the Wales coast, in England, on the 14th of October, as Captain JOHN ALEXANDER STRACHAN gives up his own life for that of a Liverpool “stow-away” boy who had no business upon his steamer? The facts are quickly narrated,—let them make their impress, we pray you, in the din of the care or the whirl of the pleasure that environs us, and the atmosphere of seeking for self-comfort wherein each of us is tempted to live. Strachan commanded the *Cyprian*,—was thirty years old,—had been married two years. They left Liverpool for the Mediterranean on the 13th, and went ashore in a “perfect hurricane,” whose might nothing could withstand, on the morning after. When a few life belts were distributed, but not enough for all, he placed his own around the trembling, frightened boy, who was only an intruder on his ship,—fastened it, bade him leap into the boiling surf with the rest of the crew, and himself followed without one. The

lad came safely to the shore: the noble hearted man was drowned, with nineteen of his sailors, eight only being saved. No Liverpool subscription for the widow, headed as it has been by the *Cyprian's* owners with £250, can take the sorrow from her heart.

There are three millions of men, reader,—of whom McKEE and STRACHAN stand as representatives, for whom, while they suffer, we write and speak and labor. Theirs is a hard lot. But if their “sorrow” was only “on the sea,” it would be far easier. It is not so. On the other hand, the greater portion of them come to grief more surely on the land, among their fellows, than they do upon the ocean. Rude Nature, boisterous as it may be, gives even kindlier treatment to them, than does human society.

We make a terrible arraignment, but it is the truth. You have read the pages of this MAGAZINE for months and years past, it may be. They have borne steady witness to it, especially of late, as they have portrayed the constant robbery, the systematized and brutal outrages, by which, in American and foreign ports alike, the sailor is victimized. Look now at the words in which a seamen's chaplain writes to us from the Pacific Coast. Credit his utterances. He speaks from thirty years' experience and observation.

“Of course, the evils consequent on paying advance wages to sailors are as patent, here, as anywhere else. They are an open bribe to villainy and wicked oppression of seamen. If they are meant as a set-off against Jack's loss of wages in case of total wreck, they fail of their object, almost wholly;—he would be better off without than he is with advance wages.

“Here in San Francisco the sailor is little more than the chattel of the landlord. He cannot choose his captain or his ship, or take his own time for going to sea. The supplying ships with men is a matter of bargain and sale between the landlords' association and the captain, in which the men themselves have nothing to say. They have no voice in the matter as to rate of wages or manner of payment, and I have yet to learn that the U. S. Shipping Office, which was instituted for his benefit mainly, is of any real service to him.

“Shanghaiing is not now practised here as openly as it used to be, and yet in spite of the law which makes the Commissioner the sailor's protector, in this direction, it is substantially practised here, and no one seems to know or care for it.

“*Less than a week ago a drunken sailor was, in open day, seized and lowered by a rope about him, and a tackle,—into the boat which took him aboard ship, while a little crowd looked on, saying and doing nothing. He was handled like a sack of coal or a dead calf.*”

In this connection we have from the lips of one who knows of what he speaks, the record of three days' experience on a vessel at San Francisco, within two years past, during which thirty-six seamen who had shipped as her crew, were chained together between decks, for all that time before her sailing,—lest the harpies who had sold them for their advance wages, should steal them again, and should sell them a second time. The sea-sorrow settles on the land, and the sailor walks within it.

Hear recent testimony from a New York City journal. Says the *Maritime Register* of Nov. 23rd. :—

“Ship-masters are ruled even more despotically by the sailors’ landlords of San Francisco than by the same class in Eastern ports. One, within the past few months, on engaging a crew for a deep water voyage, had to agree to pay twenty-five dollars per month for AB’s and seventy-five dollars advance,—thirty dollars blood-money and five dollars per man to the landlord for giving the Master the preference. *Of course the advance was put down as being one hundred and ten dollars, AND WAS CHARGED TO THE SAILOR!*”

But the story of this sorrow comes from all ports alike. If there be an exception, we have yet to learn of it. In April last, on good authority, we gave the number of sailors’ boarding houses in New York, most of which are its makers,—as one hundred and twenty-five. Men who are competent to say, tell us that that covered only those which are licensed by State law, and did not take in a hundred more, which are unlicensed, and are mere traps for sailors’ death.

For the time, we forbear. The record will come up again, for review and reflection. It ought to come up,—it must come up,—until the way to extirpate the sources of this sorrow, so far as society feeds them, be found and entered on. We cannot, with these things pressing on us, urge any phase of reformatory or redemptive work for seamen more earnestly than this one. If what we say in this opening of our fifty-fourth volume, read in happy homes where no physical privation brings distress,—read in counting rooms and offices where the work and woe of the sailor make business possible and profitable,—read in the safe, cosy studies of clergymen who have the ears and may move the hearts of those who trust them,—shall prompt the help and sustenance of all good work for the removal or relief of sorrow that can be done away with,—shall move to practical exertion on behalf of “poor Jack,”—every good man will rejoice.

INTO THE SEA’S GREEDY MAW.

Rev. H. M. FIELD, D. D., of the *N. Y. Evangelist*, writes in a recent letter to that paper:—

I found Edinburgh suddenly oppressed with a great calamity, which caused a general gloom. The day that we arrived there was such a tempest as it was said had not been experienced before in twelve years. It swept over the whole British islands, producing great destruction of property and loss of life. This was felt most of all on the northeastern coast of England, and the adjacent coast of Scotland. Numbers of fishing boats had been lost, with their brave and hardy crews. The terrible ruin that it wrought was brought home to us by a visit to a fishing village near Edinburgh. Mr. Nelson took us in his carriage to Newhaven, where it was at once apparent that a great blow had fallen upon the whole population.

The fishermen were gathered in groups on the quay, conversing in low voices and looking out sadly upon the sea which had swallowed up their sons and brothers. Seventeen men had perished, leaving ten or twelve widows, and forty-five orphan children. It is matter of history that this little village was originally settled by Dutch fishermen, who kept together and married among themselves, so that the whole community was like one family, and hence all had been struck by this terrible blow. Every man had lost a friend, most of them many friends, and not a few mourned for those who were nearest and dearest. One to whom we spoke, whose sister had died a short time ago, leaving nine children motherless, now lost that sister's husband, by which those children were left fatherless also. So the strokes fell on every house. It might almost be said that there was not a house in which there was not one dead. It was pitiful to look into these manly faces, bronzed by exposure to the sea, and now so hopeless and despairing. It was the picture greatly enlarged which Kingsley has painted with such fidelity in the lines,—

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down!"

with the second picture following so soon of "three women on the sands" "wringing their hands" over the treasures taken from them by the devouring sea. The women of the village were mostly indoors, bewailing their desolation, or trying to comfort each other as their tears flowed together. It was no idle curiosity or spirit of intrusion, but a deep sympathy that made us wish to enter one of these humble dwellings and say a gentle and soothing word to one of these widowed and orphaned families. A

boy ran before us into a paved yard, and up some stone steps, leading the way into a small close room, where we found one of the stricken households. A glance told the story. A woman perhaps forty years of age, with a good honest face, was sitting with a babe in her arms, the last of six children, while two or three little ones clustered about her knees, looking up into her eyes which were red with weeping, with the natural wish of children to comfort their mother. Her husband was a pilot, and had gone out in one of the missing boats. Our first suggestion was that he might yet be saved, as there was hope among the fishermen, that one or two boats had been driven out to sea, and so might have escaped. But the poor woman answered instantly, that his was one of the bodies that had been washed ashore. Not a particle of hope remained. In one hour she was left widowed and desolate. It seemed to comfort her to speak of him. "He was seech a gude mon; he has na left the like o' him; he took all the burdens off from me; when I saw him work so hard, I thought I ought to work too, but he said, 'Na, na, as long as I have strength, I will work for you.' When this wee bit bairn came, I said, 'John, I thought I looved the others, but now it seems that I loove this better than a' the rest.' But he said, 'Perhaps it is because it is the last,' and so it is. What will become of me now? If it was na for God holpen me up, I wad lie down and die." What could we say in the presence of such grief? Our hearts and eyes were too full to do more than whisper a few broken words, and leave a token of our sympathy for the widow and the fatherless. "You will not be left to want. Friends

and neighbors will gather round you, and God will take care of you," were our last words. "Yes," she answered, "I know he will. He sent you here," and with that blessing of the poor we came sadly away. But as we drove back to Edinburgh, we could think of nothing else than that poor widow with her children clinging to her knees, and that stricken community.

The immediate distress will soon be relieved, for both the Scotch and English papers have been full of accounts of this appalling calamity, and subscriptions are being raised in all the towns along the coast. But alas, this will not bring back the dead, and as long as this generation of fishermen is left, will remain the tradition of the terrible storm and wrecks of the 14th of October, 1881.

AROUND THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY SELAH MERRILL, D. D.

We will start from Tiberias. The old Tiberias, which was built by Herod Antipas, during the last part of Christ's life, is entirely in ruins; the modern town which travelers visit, lying to the north of that, is a filthy place, occupied by Moslems and Christians, and also by six hundred to one thousand Jews. From this place we go north, and after a ride of three miles reach Mejdél, which represents the Magdala of Christ's time, and is known wherever the New Testament is read as the home of Mary Magdalene. As we approach the place we are greeted by the howling of dogs, which rush out as though they would devour us. We also see a score or more of saucy, half-naked children, and the people whom we meet are poor and degraded. The village is insignificant, being only a collection of huts and hovels; but it stands at the southern end of the charming plain of Gennesaret, over the whole of which we can look at a glance. As we journey towards the northern end, we observe on our left a strange sight. The mountain appears to have parted asunder and left a great chasm, the walls of

which are perpendicular, and full of caves, which, not long before the birth of Christ, were occupied by robbers, whom Herod the Great had much difficulty in subduing. Along the bottom of that chasm ran, in Christ's time, the main road from Cana of Galilee, Nazareth, Tabor, and the region to the southwest, to the north end of the lake, and thence to Damascus. Christ would pass along this road in going down from Nazareth to Capernaum. This plain is watered by several streams, and is covered, in portions at least, with fine wheat fields. It was always celebrated as one of the most fertile spots in Palestine. Here that "rivalry of the seasons" took place year after year, which Josephus describes with so much enthusiasm ("Wars," iii., 10, 8), where Nature did "violence to herself in bringing together fruits of discordant habits," where everything grew to perfection, and where grapes and figs ripened "during ten months of the year without intermission." In praising the productions of Gennesaret, the old rabbis used to ask why its fruits were not found in Jerusalem at

the time of the feasts. And the reply was made: "So that no one may be tempted to come to the feasts merely for the sake of enjoying those fruits." The soil of this plain is as fertile now as it was eighteen centuries ago.

Two and a half or three miles from Mejdal we arrive at Khan Minieh, or Ain et Tin. Here is a large fountain, very near the water of the lake, and about it reeds and papyrus grow abundantly. Back of it there is a ruined khan. Here the Roman road, coming from the south, touched the lake, and can still be traced. Here on a sharp bluff appear to be the remains of a castle. Underneath a swell in the plain a town is buried, and last year, and again the present year, I have seen its walls exposed. At this point I would locate Capernaum. Where the Roman road touched the lake would be the proper place for a custom-house and a garrison. This bluff or ledge of rocks comes close to the water's edge, and our carriage-road would turn a little to the left and go over and around it. In former times, an aqueduct was cut in the face of this rock, sixty feet above the lake, but it is now dry, and is used as a foot-path for men and animals. At this place Christ found Matthew sitting at the receipt of customs, and this is the scene of some of our Lord's wonderful works. Beyond Khan Minieh, or the bluff near it, is a small plain, on the farther side of which are ruins and a fountain called 'Ain Tabigha. Some have thought that this was the site of Bethsaida, the home of Andrew and Peter. The name Bethsaida means a place of hunting or fishing. Near here, Josephus, in the Jewish war, had a skirmish with the enemy, and was wounded in consequence

of his horse becoming mired in the soft plain.

About two and a half miles from Khan Minieh we reach the ruins of Tell Hûm, which some have thought to be Capernaum. It has, however, no remains of a garrison, is two or more miles from the Roman road on which the custom-house where Matthew was would naturally be, and its synagogue, which is appealed to as evidence, dates, probably, from the second century.

To our left, on the hill, a little more than a mile distant, but not in sight, is a ruin called Kerazeh, which has been suggested as the site of Chorazin.

Two and a half miles beyond Tell Hûm is the Jordan. It is not very wide here, and, unless during high water, can be forded at the point where it joins the lake. After crossing, there are, on our left, the ruins of the Eastern Bethsaida, which Herod Philip, a brother of Herod Antipas, enlarged and called Julius, and where he prepared for himself a costly tomb of white marble, in which he was buried, A. D. 33.

From the east bank of the Jordan we begin to cross the large plain of Batîha, resembling Genesaret on the western shore, where it is supposed that the miracle of feeding the five thousand took place (*Luke ix: 11-17*). It is one and a half miles wide by three miles long, has water-courses and reservoirs, and is very fertile. About six miles from the Jordan we come to the ruins of Kersa, on Wady Semakh, a little north of a point directly opposite Tiberias. Here the hills retreat from the shore, and there are broad fields about the mouth of this wady, on the south side of which are extensive ruins. Kersa can just as well

be pronounced Gersa, for the letters *k* and *g* interchange in the speech of the people. There can be no doubt that this name is a remnant of Gergesa, and that this region was "the country of the Gergesenes," (*Matt. viii: 28*) which Christ visited. No precipice exists at any point along this coast, and the New Testament narrative does not require us to expect one. At one point, however, the slope inclines more rapidly than anywhere else, and on this, or in the hills just behind it, the swine might have been feeding. Mark and Luke both say that Christ went "to the country of the Gadarenes." But Gadara was then a large and flourishing city, and, as was frequently the case, may have had jurisdiction over a portion of the adjacent territory. One phrase, of those just quoted, may have indicated the general district, and the other some local section within it. Here the herd of swine perished, while the person possessed with devils was restored to a sound mind, and became a disciple of Christ. Overhanging this very plain are the ruins of Gamala, which was one of the largest cities and strongest fortresses of the country, and its massive walls and towers must have been very imposing when looked at from the lake or plain below.

We journey on, and, after ten miles, we have reached the southern end of the lake, crossed the entire Jordan plain, and approached the river near the point where it leaves the Sea of Galilee to go down its strange course to the Dead Sea far in the south. Here was a bridge, now in ruins, that, when built, was a triumph of engineering skill of which the country might be proud. If, from this point, we should look back to the

southeast, we should see Gadara, with its theaters and temples perched upon the hills. This road was thronged in those days, not only by merchants, and soldiers, and persons engaged in public or official business, but by thousands who were seeking the hot springs of Gadara, only two hours distant, which formed then one of the most favorite resorts for health and pleasure in all the East.

Soon after crossing this bridge, we come to a great mound on the shore of the lake, which is now called Kerak. This name is a remnant of Tarichea, a large and strong city, separated from the mainland by a valley, or ditch, in which was water, and across which ran a causeway. This place was noted for its fisheries and its ship-building. Fifty-one years before Christ, Cassius took this city and sold thirty thousand of its inhabitants into slavery. It suffered also very much in the Jewish war. Six thousand of its robust young men were sent to Corinth, Greece, to work on the canal through the isthmus there, and many thousands more were reduced to a condition of servitude. Here also occurred a bloody sea-fight between the Romans and the Jews, in which the latter were beaten, after four thousand to six thousand of them had been slaughtered.

Four miles farther on our journey we reach the hot baths of Tiberias, more than a mile south of the present city, and at the south end of the ancient town. This place was called Bethmaus, and possessed a synagogue. These springs were known far and wide, and were much frequented by the rich and poor alike. Here begins the *old* Tiberias, and beyond that is the modern city, our starting point. Upon the shores of this lake,

around which we have now journeyed, there were in Christ's time no less than nine cities, while numerous villages dotted the plains and hill-sides around. All the surrounding region was highly cultivated, and the lake itself was covered with ships and boats. The lake was the pride of Palestine, an object in which the Jews took special delight, and they speak of its "gracefully flowing" or "gliding" waters.—*East of the Jordan.*

The Polar Mystery.

Interesting details of the recent voyage of the *Rodgers* in the Arctic basin have been telegraphed to *The Herald* from San Francisco. Wrangell Land appears to have been thoroughly explored by land parties, and the fact established that the *Jeannette* did not effect a landing there. From a mountain 2,500 feet high an almost unbroken view of the whole island was obtained, and the clear water northward, instead of being an elusive lead, was shown to be an open sea. After the survey of the shores had been completed, the *Rodgers* steamed a distance of 120 miles north and northwest of the island, without catching a glimpse of land. Very little ice was encountered, and the soundings indicated a depth of eighty-two fathoms. The highest latitude reached by the *Rodgers* was $73^{\circ} 44'$ on September 19th, when, owing to the lateness of the season, she was forced to turn back. The practicability of making a much higher latitude on the Behring Strait meridian has thus been demonstrated. Wrangell Land, instead of being the southernmost edge of another Greenland, is only an outlying island of the Siberian coast, while northward stretches an unknown sea,

which may be as accessible in favorable seasons as the North Atlantic between Cape North and Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph Land. There is every reason for believing that the *Jeannette* entered this sea. Whether she penetrated it successfully and found a refuge in some untrodden realm of ice, or whether she was caught in the pack and carried toward the polar archipelago which skirts the American Continent, is now the most perplexing question upon which geographers and navigators can expend their resources of conjecture.

The latitude reached by the *Rodgers*, although the highest so far recorded on the Behring Strait meridian, is nearly on a line with Upernavik, Greenland, where so many of the Baffin's Bay expeditions have obtained supplies before entering upon serious work. It is fully nine degrees lower than the highest latitude reached by Parry in 1827, by Nares in 1876, and by the Austro-Hungarian expedition which recently discovered an unknown mountainous coast 200 miles north of Nova Zembla. The *Rodgers* might have gone 550 miles on the same meridian without passing the parallels of Kane's final area of discovery or the winter quarters of the *Polaris*. Search has not been made for the *Jeannette* in any latitude where she could have been shut in, provided she had the same open sea before her in 1879 which the relief vessels have found this season. If the *Rodgers* resumes the quest next year, she may succeed in reaching some new Spitzbergen or an edge of Arctic mainland far to the north where Captain De Long has been wintering and pursuing his explorations, or where possibly he has been hopelessly imprisoned. The open sea which has been trav-

ersed so easily as far as latitude $73^{\circ} 44'$, would have tempted the explorer to go on until land should be sighted or the passage of the vessel permanently obstructed. At the same time it was his intention to attempt the northwest passage if he could not open a way toward the Pole, and the ocean current, if Captain Hooper is to be believed, would have carried him in the same direction if his vessel had been caught in the pack. Accordingly search must be made for him next summer in Melville Sound and among the islands explored by McClure, Meham and McClintock.

From the beginning, the interests of commerce, humanity and science have been curiously blended in the history of Arctic discovery. It was the prospect of finding the shortest passage from the Western to the Eastern world that allured Sir John Franklin to his death in the regions of eternal ice; it was in the desperate hope, first of rescuing him, and finally of learning his melancholy fate and finding his grave, that vessel after vessel was dispatched to Lanctster and Melville Sounds; and it was in the cause of science and geographical discovery that Kane and Hall, Sir George Nares, Payer and Weyprecht and De Long set their faces toward the Pole. Yet how quickly one motive prompts another. The disappearance of the *Jeanette* on her scientific cruise excites apprehension before she has been absent her allotted time, and vessel after vessel is sent out to look for the lost; and another season may witness extended explorations in those waters where Franklin dragged out the last wretched winters of his life in searching for that elusive passage north of the

Continent which it is now fancied De Long may have been forced to attempt.—*N. Y. Tribune*, Nov. 10th, 1881.

An Easy Position.

The attention of young men who desire an easy place is called to the business of a New York pilot, which is described in an illustrated paper in *The Century* for December.

The responsibility devolving on a pilot, and the extent of his qualifications, may be partly appreciated when one learns that, immediately on boarding a vessel, he takes command, and is answerable for any accident until he has discharged his duty of taking the vessel in or out of port. If any mishap befall the ship at that time, he is liable to have his license revoked, and thus lose all further opportunity of plying his vocation. The New York pilot must, therefore, for the good of all concerned, pass through a long and rigorous course of training. He must serve, man and boy, before the mast till he masters every problem in the management of every form of rig. To this he must add a thorough knowledge of navigation. Then he must contrive to obtain the position of boat-keeper, or pilot's mate. In that capacity, he must serve three full years on one pilot-boat before he can be admitted for his examination for a license. If through ill-fortune he lose his position, he must begin *de novo*, and serve the full time on another boat. Sometimes, a boat-keeper serves nine or ten years on various boats before his apprenticeship is complete. After all this, he must

pass a most rigid examination on all points of seamanship and navigation before the Board of Pilot Commissioners, and exhibit a thorough knowledge of the tides, rips, sands and all other phenomena for hundreds of miles out from the piers of the East and North rivers. But even after receiving his license, he is sometimes forced to wait years, until some pilot happens to die and leave a vacancy for him. The first year of pilotage, he is granted a license to pilot vessels drawing less than sixteen feet. If he give satisfaction, the following year he is permitted to take charge of ships drawing eighteen feet. If he pass a satisfactory examination the third year, he then receives a full license, entitling him to pilot vessels of any draught, and is then first called a branch or full pilot.

This matter of draught often gives rise to amusing manœuvres between captain and pilot—the former sometimes endeavoring to

evade a correct statement of the actual draft of the vessel at the time, and the latter in turn employing his wits to get at the truth without appearing to doubt the word of the captain. Vessels drawing under fourteen feet pay three dollars and seventy cents a foot; the rate increases by degrees, until ships drawing twenty-one feet and upward pay six dollars and fifty cents per foot.

On receiving his license, the pilot must give bonds for the proper discharge of his duty, and he is liable to heavy fines if he declines to fill a vacancy or to board a vessel making signals for a pilot. He is also required to be temperate in his habits and of reputable character. The proper execution of these regulations is to a large degree insured by the great competition among the boats, and the consequent vigilance of each to detect delinquencies in his rivals.

For 'The Sailors' Magazine.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT'S LAST VOYAGE,

A BALLAD OF THE SEA,

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

'Twas good Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT
Sailed out on a stormy sea,
When a light from the South Coast beckoned,
Dim under his foaming lee.

"What meaneth that light? Commander!"
Cried the watch on the larboard bow.
"'Tis another landsman's message—
We'll answer quick, I trow!"

Then he lifted his old storm lantern,
And held it high from the deck,
'Till the waves made it leap, like a rocket,
Shot aloft from a sinking wreck.

And he steered straight back for the breakers,
And luffed square abreast of the foam,
Where he saw, by the glare on their helmets,
His knights drawn in line through the gloam.

"Come back! come back! Sir Humphrey!"
They called, with a piteous cry;
"Go not, in a bark so shattered,
In the angry deep to die!"

Ah! little knew they of Sir Humphrey,
Who recked he would break his vow;—
For he sang, as they cried,—*"Hard-a-larboard!"*
And his ship hove to sea her bow.

The parting scenes around him
Were enrolled with his country's name;
There was Elizabeth river,
And yonder the mouth of the James.

There was roaring among the Rip-Raps,
Which a gale on the outside bodes;
But he trimmed his sails in the tempest,
And dashed through Hampton Roads.

Then the trumpet of Sir Humphrey
Came pealing along the strand;
*"'Tis as near from the sea to Heaven,
As it is from the solid land!"*

He remembered the vow he had taken,
When he prayed, at Newport News,
To lay down his life on the ocean,—
Or save his starving crews!

Now many a man in the tempest,
As he sinks to his coral bed,
Remembers, with Christian courage,
What good Sir Humphrey said.

For he knows that angels hover
Where dying Christians be;—
And the gates of Heaven stand open,
To welcome them home from the sea.

Their golden trumpets are sounding,
All round life's stormy strand;—
*"'Tis as near from the sea to Heaven,
As it is from the solid land!"*

The "Inflexible."

A few years back a correspondent of one of the London "dailies," in describing the turret ship *Glatton*, spoke of her appearance as resembling a cross between a "railway station and a cooking apparatus." To describe H. M. S. *Inflexible* as a whole is indeed a puzzler. According to her rig, she is a "brig" without a bowsprit; to her dimensions, a very long frigate with an immense "beam;" in other respects, she is a combination and a net-work of pneumatic tubes, steam-pipes, engines, electric apparatus, etc. As we ascend from the boat up the companion-ladder to the deck, we are standing on iron plates three inches in thickness only; before us rise the glacis plates in front of the turrets, the latter being so turned as to expose the four huge 80-ton guns, with muzzles large enough to take inside a boy of ten years of age. The ease and quietness with which these enormous structures move is marvellous, considering that each, with the two guns included, weighs 650 tons. The whole mass revolves on twenty-eight rollers.

When loading is about to take place, the turret is turned round until the port-hole is partly covered by the glacis plates; the muzzle of the gun is then depressed, presenting itself at an aperture below the deck, a small trolley conveying at once the powder and shell along the rails from the magazine until it stands immediately in front and underneath the gun's mouth. Nothing now remains but to hoist the charge to its position, and ram home, both of which operations are performed by steam-power. The turrets, engines, magazines, and those portions of the vessel requiring special protection are situated in what is termed the

"citadel"—a rectangular enclosure 110 feet long by 75 feet broad in the centre of the ship, whose sides are twenty-four inches in thickness, and are considered to be impervious to any weapon yet invented. The deck over the citadel, including the glacis, as before stated, is three inches in thickness; the other parts on the same surface and away from the citadel measure but half an inch in thickness.

In going into action, the captain and another officer are stationed in the fore "conning" tower, standing on top of the "super-structure," and within this tower is what is termed the "armor cross," which is composed of two plates twelve inches thick, standing on their edges, and intersecting each other at right angles, the longest plate measuring ten feet, and fixed athwart-ships. In one or other of the four angles composing the "armor cross," stands the captain, and, what is most interesting, he can there steer the ship, revolve the turrets, fire the big guns, or discharge the submerged torpedoes, either by turning a wheel, or simply by pressing an electric button; on the other hand, he can communicate, by speaking through the voice tubes, with any one in any part of the ship below. In each angle of the cross the appliances are the same, and connected one with the other, so that if the officer in charge find himself exposed to the enemy's fire, he can protect himself by dodging round to another angle. The horizon is "conned" through horizontal slits in the cross plates in line with the eye.

The *Inflexible* has everything new for torpedo warfare; on the bows is a curved shoot, down which the "Whiteheads" are launched.

Over the stern, on the top of the superstructure, is an iron tripod, the middle leg of which slings overboard, carrying the torpedo away from the vessel's side; and when the leg is within a few degrees of the perpendicular, the fish-torpedo is automatically launched free, and propels itself toward its object. In the torpedo-room the weapons are placed in cylindrical tubes, the doors closed, and by the application of powerful pneumatic pistons, are forced through apertures in the ship's side ten feet below the surface of the water. Besides two Gatling machine guns and eight 20-pounders, she carries six Nordenfelt guns; each of the latter is manned by two gunners—one sights the gun, while the second, by moving a lever, discharges one or the whole four of the barrels, which are fed from a "hopper" placed over the breech, and containing forty charges. The Nordenfelts are for keeping off hostile torpedo boats, etc., but a further precaution will be adopted in the shape of a wire net-work round the ship.

The *Inflexible* is lighted by electric lamps, the "Brush" system principally, there being a few of the "Gramme" pattern, which give each an illuminating power of 2,000 candles; there are oil lamps used as well. — *Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 26th, 1881.

For The Sailors' Magazine.

"Full and By."

The following letter was written by a Christian sailor to a brother seaman, who, through carelessness, had gotten off his Christian course and was making very bad weather of it. It contains wholesome ad-

vice, and may be of service to some other poor fellow who has been running to leeward of his true course.

My Very Dear Brother:—So, I feel that I must address you. Although you have strayed away from our family circle in Christ, I would fain believe that yours is but a temporary wandering. I cannot cease to think of you as occupying this pleasing relation. I believe that the Holy Spirit has begun a good work in you, that you were truly awakened to your lost condition, and that you fled for a refuge to Jesus, "to lay hold upon the hope set before you in the Gospel." I am unwilling to persuade myself that your mind and conscience are entirely at rest in your absence from the ordinances of God, and from the companionship of the brethren, many of whom are bearing you up daily, in the arms of their faith and love to the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls,—*your* soul and *mine*,—and are pleading with Him to bring you back to the fold whence you have strayed.

I cannot help asking you in the words of the Holy Spirit, by the Apostle Paul to the Galatians (iii: 1-3) "*Who hath bewitched you*" that you,—"*before whose eyes Jesus Christ was openly set forth crucified*" should turn from Him? "*Are you so foolish? Having begun in the Spirit, are you now perfected in the flesh?*" Having tasted the sweets of intercourse with the *Divine*, will you go back to the bitter, and beggarly elements of the *world*? Having spent but a little time in the Father's house, among the children, can you now content yourself with the companionship of the wicked? I am persuaded that you do not en-

joy the peace you once felt. If your heart were permitted to sing its own sad strain I believe it would find utterance in the mournful, yet sweet words of the Poet Cowper:—

"Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
How sweet the hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still.
But they have left an aching void
The world can *never* fill."

O, My brother, my brother! the husks of earth, that the swine do eat, will never satisfy the longings of an immortal soul. I know somewhat how you feel, by an experience of my own, and therefore can sympathise with you. How often I made the attempt to abandon my evil course, while yet before the mast, and failing, cursed my own miserable weakness. How often, after wallowing in the mire, I have said,—“it is useless to continue this struggle, I can never be a Christian.” “*There is no hope : no : for I have loved strangers, and after them will I go !*” (*Jer. ii: 25.*) How often, when my feet have slidden in the dangerous places, I have said, I shall never be able to stand. But, I was, at length, enabled to see the folly of all such cowardly excuses. My sea experience would come up in such seasons, so that when I found that, through my carelessness, or passion, everything was lifting, and it appeared as if every spar would be shaken out of her and “go by the board,” or every yard of canvas would blow out of the bolt ropes, I have said to myself,—Where is the use? Why not square away and let her go? I shall never be able to lay my course! But Reason would say—If you do so foolish a thing as that, you are bound to make a lee shore of it. Well, answered Pride,—What if I do? I shall stand as good a chance

as the rest of getting ashore. True again responded Reason—but there is all the difference in the world, and in eternity too, between keeping a due course, and running to perdition headlong. The difference is as wide as the gulf between heaven and hell. Can you afford to drive her upon the rocks? What shall I do then? demanded my fears. “Keep her close at it,” said Reason, again. Your only safety is in hugging the wind. Keep her *full and by*. Faith then whispered in my ear—“That is good counsel. Take it! Keep her full rapp and by the wind.” “By the grace of God,” said I, “I will!” And you, I know, will be ready to admit that I made a long leg of it, by taking that advice. I have now a weather shore aboard, and plenty of sea room. Let me, then, my dear, dear brother, beg of you not to cast away your confidence in redeeming love, not to dash to the ground the hopes of your dear brethren in Christ, who are interceding for you, offering united prayer to God for you to-day.

I entreat you to consider this matter seriously. Take it to Jesus. Go alone, and ask for wisdom to choose and strength to do, the thing that is right, and safe, and acceptable in the eyes of God and of good men. I am greatly pained by your absence from the house of God on the Sabbath. Your vacant seat, too, in the place of prayer is an incentive to me to make continued intercession for you, that you may be restored to your allegiance to Christ, who counted it not too much to give his own life for *you*. I have seen recently, hot tears course their way down manly cheeks for you. But what are these, in contrast with the sweat of our Savior, which was, as it were, “great drops of blood falling

down to the ground?" Will you not take this letter to your room, and kneeling down, ask our blessed Savior,—yours and mine,—to direct you what to do? I have left my bed at 4 a. m. to write this letter to you, and have prayed to God to guide my pen and to fill my mind with arguments, that I may be successful in winning your soul to Christ, in whose crown, I hope your ransomed spirit may shine as a gem of the first water through all eternity. If you shall however elect at this time to remain away from God, and his people, and his ordinances, and his sanctuary, I can only say as did Jeremiah to the men of his day:—

"Hear ye and give ear, and be not proud: for Jehovah hath spoken. Give glory to the Lord your God, before he cause darkness, and before your feet stumble on the dark

mountains: and while you look for light, he turn it into the shadow of death, and make it gross darkness. But, if you will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eyes shall weep sore, and run down with tears because one of Jehovah's flock is carried away captive." (Jer. xiii: 15-17.)

With many and continued prayers for your full restoration; that your heart may be filled with that peace which passeth all understanding, that the very God of Peace may sanctify you wholly, and your whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus, believe me, very sincerely and affectionately, your brother in the Lord,

J.

TO THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S LIFE DIRECTORS AND LIFE MEMBERS.

If you desire to receive the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for 1882, please notify us to that effect, with your proper address, early in the present year.

It will be apparent, upon very little reflection, that in no other way can any benevolent society keep its record of those entitled to receive its periodicals, by specific agreement, measureably free from the names of deceased persons, or preserve correct addresses for the living, upon its mail books. We therefore long since adopted and acted upon the regulation implied in this request, in common with other kindred organizations.

In this connection we call attention to the envelopes sent out, as in years past, with the January number of the MAGAZINE. In returning these to us with their usual New Year remembrances of our great work, will all our friends bear in mind the unusual "sorrow on the sea" which marks the present season, as well as the abiding nature of our great work for sailors,—and make their gifts as large as practicable?

Could we constitute a hundred new Life Directors of the Society, at

\$100, and five hundred new Life Members, at \$30, each,—from these envelope donations,—the impetus of such help to the seamen of the world would be felt on every ocean, and in every seaport, to the ends of the earth.

So, if we can send abroad to seamen, a hundred new loan libraries, at \$20, each, in this month of January, 1882, from sums transmitted to us, in these New Year's envelopes, a power for good will have been brought to them, that is immeasurable. Will you, who read this, send one? It may be a thank-offering for the past, and may go in the name of some one who is dear to you, now in the world, or in the Home on high.

Suffering and Working at Sea for Christ.

One looks into the very soul of a young sailor who became a Christian, in this city, last Spring, as he reads a part of his letter dated at San Francisco, Nov. 28th, 1881,—and the vision is very fruitful of matter for thoughtful gratitude. He writes privately, to his pastor in this city:—

Regrets Leaving New York.

"I left the Sailors' Home in New York 30th May last, with tears in my eyes. Parting from Bro. BORELLA was just as if I parted from my parents.

The Change on Shipboard.

"I came on shipboard, and the first welcome that I received was an awful swearing (at me) from a shipmate. Oh! dear pastor, it was as if I had stepped from Heaven into Hell. I thought,—there is plenty of work for me to do, and I prayed directly to God to help me. Every day since then I have read my Bible, and always when I have found myself discouraged, I have looked to a tract, or read from my Bible and at once found relief.

Persecution.

"My shipmates did not trouble me a bit when I prayed. Of course after that I invited them to read the Bible. They called me foolish. Then I told them that we all had to give an account of ourselves, and I asked them if they were ready at any moment to come before Jesus. Since that time I was not entirely

without fellowship. But I had often very bad times. Every one on board went back upon me,—they cursed me, they struck me, they called me a fool. And then, pastor, many times came when my blood was up, and then I wanted to strike back, of course. Then I heard a voice behind me.—'Bless your enemies,' and I bent my knees and prayed to Jesus for pardon for them. The Savior gave me a wonderful change! How can there be men in the world, that see so many examples from his boundless love, and can shut their hearts to so loving a Redeemer?

A Storm and its Effects.

"When we were at the Cape, we had a terrible storm and were in a hopeless position. The men did not swear then; they were afraid,—that was not the spot (to swear). A ruffian swearer came to me and asked what I thought of the weather. I told him I trusted in Jesus, and that He was always with me,—that He was between the billows. And what do you think his answer was? 'Yes, Henry,' said he, 'I know He is, always. He has told us the best way, and I feel very sorry that I have done you so much harm.' I gave him then my hand, and told him that he was my friend, and that when he would give his heart to Jesus, he should become my brother. He felt that he was a sinner, and with tears walked along the deck at my side, for Jesus. Oh what a glorious moment that was! Tell me if there is any citizen with all his money who would have so much joy as I had there, in a fierce storm, on the vessel's deck. Oh how I praised the Lord, and how my friend wept! Those were tears of sorrow that fell from that sailor's eyes, and I wept, also, for happiness.

"The storm lasted six days, and then we had a little change for the better, sailed around the Cape with no danger, and on the 17th November arrived at 'Frisco. I was very glad to come ashore once more, and blessed the Lord for His wonderful grace given to me during the voyage. I also asked Him to keep me holy and clean in this city full of misery.

Means to Preach.

"Now, pastor, I think I will give up the sea. You know the Lord has given me talents. It is my duty to bring them to Him with interest. If I begin now to work on shore to make my living, in the evenings I can go to school. I may be aided by Christian friends. When I can write and read English, then I will go where God shall send.

"To preach the Gospel will be my greatest joy. I know that I shall have many trials in it, and many temptations. Of course then I shall look to Jesus, and He will never leave or forsake me. If there be no cross, there is no crown, and whatever people may say, I answer that Jesus is my Savior, He has spent His life for me, and therefore I should suffer for the Gospel's sake.

Greetings.

"Please see all the brethren and sisters and tell them that I have thought of them many times. Bid adieu for me to the children in the Sabbath-School,—the little angels! I have many times heard their voices when I was in the midst of the ocean.

"Once more, adieu! I shall pray for you that God may give you plenty of happiness and comfort. When it shall happen that I cannot well see you more on earth,—we shall meet to part no more in Heaven.

"Very truly your brother in Jesus,—
H. v S. V."

U. S. Life Saving Service.

The following is an Abstract of the General Superintendent's report of operations for the year ending June 30th, 1881.

Number of Stations and Disasters.

At the close of the fiscal year the service included 183 stations, 143 being on the Atlantic, thirty-four on the Lakes, and six on the Pacific. The inclement portion of the year was severe and tempestuous. Nevertheless the number of disasters to shipping, within the sphere of station operations, was less by fifty than that of the year preceding, though

greater by thirty-one than that of any other year in the history of the service. The number of wrecks involving the total destruction of vessels was much larger than in any former year, except the year previous, which, however, only exceeded it by one. The loss of life was smaller than in any year since the service was extended to include the great lakes, last year only excepted, when the number was only nine. The average loss of life has heretofore been 37, 11 in excess of the loss of the present year. The number of casualties on the Atlantic coast within the scope of the service was 151, being 11 less than in the previous year; while on the Lakes the number was 94 against 136 of the previous year. The number on the Pacific coast was only 5. On board of the vessels involved there were 1,880 persons, of whom 1,854 were saved and 26 were lost. Succor was afforded at the stations to 407 shipwrecked people, there being 1,060 day's relief furnished in the aggregate. The number of persons brought ashore by life saving appliances was 408.

Work During the Year.

The life-saving crew assisted off when stranded, removed from dangerous positions, and piloted to places of safety, 178 vessels. In some of these cases the men worked in conjunction with other wrecking agencies, but generally assisted by the sailors on board alone. Both vessels and crews, in many instances, were in imminent danger of destruction. The estimated value of the vessels involved in these disasters was \$2,744,247, and that of their cargoes \$1,310,505, making the total value of property imperilled, \$4,054,752. Of this amount, \$2,828,680 was saved and \$1,226,072 was lost. The number of disasters involving the total destruction of vessels was 66. Of the 26 persons lost, 20 were drowned immediately by the foundering or capsizing of vessels, before any help could reach them; 2 perished from exposure on a distressed vessel drifting to land, and 2 others by the breaking up of the same vessel, which was so rotten that the floating wreckage and cargo coming from her baffled the life-saving men in their efforts to reach her; one was drowned, in imprudently attempting to land in the ship's boat, and one, the woman cook of a schooner, died, lashed to the cross trees, either wilfully or necessarily abandoned at night by the vessel's crew, who were saved by the station men.

Dangers and Issues of the Service.

Several of the rescues accomplished were of a daring and difficult character.

In one instance the service rendered cost the lives of three members of a gallant crew, including the keeper, the remaining men being crippled, one of them for life. The crew was that of Station No. 7, Peak-ed Hill Bars, Cape Cod, and the report pays them a feeling tribute, as it does also to Captain Joseph Sawyer, the superintendent of the Tenth District, who also perished in the discharge of his duty. There have been during the year forty-five instances where the life-saving patrol men, by opportunely burning their Coston Lights, as signals, have warned vessels of their peril and enabled them to wear or tack in time to avoid stranding. This is a species of assistance of great importance, the value of which cannot, of course, be illustrated by any figures, either in relation to life or property.

General Summary.

The following table gives a summary of results since the introduction of the present system in 1871:—

Total number of disasters.....	1,347
Total value of vessels involved..	\$16,083,320
Total value of cargoes involved.....	\$8,429,167
Total value of property involved.....	\$24,512,487
Total value of property saved.....	\$14,958,895
Total value of property lost.....	\$9,553,592
Total number of persons on vessels..	12,261
Total number of persons saved.....	11,864
Total number of lives lost.....	397
Total number of shipwrecked persons succored at stations.....	2,601
Total number of days relief afforded	7,050

Of the 397 lives given above as lost, 183 were those of persons who perished in the disasters of the *Huron* and *Metropolis* in 1877-'78, which as has been shown in previous reports are not chargeable to the service.

New Stations, Etc.

Since the last report, three stations have been built and put in operation on Lake

Huron. One of them at Sand Beach Harbor, another at Port Austin, and the third at Middle Island, Mich. A floating station has also been established at the falls of the Ohio, Louisville, Ky. One at Cape Fear, N. C., is in progress of erection and one at Bolinas Bay, Cal., is completed and receiving its equipments. Several improvements have been introduced during the year, one of the most important of which is the placing of guide posts a mile apart on the Florida coast indicating the distances to the houses of refuge and light houses, these being the only places of shelter for persons who may be cast ashore in this uninhabited region.

Use of Horses—Increased Appropriation Necessary.

The General Superintendent states that the small increase of the appropriations for the year enabled him to employ horses for hauling the boats and apparatus in cases of wrecks at several of the stations where this assistance was especially needful, and also to engage an additional surferman from December 1 to the close of the severe season. Several additional stations are again recommended. The General Superintendent makes a vigorous appeal for the increase of the compensation of the keepers and crew to a living rate, and asserts that unless this is done at the coming session of Congress the service will receive great injury. The establishment during the past year has been greatly embarrassed. Many resignations have been received, and many more are delayed only by the solicitations of the officers of the service and the holding out of the hope that Congress will speedily remedy the evil.

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Writing, Dec. 8th, Rev. A. WOLLESON is jubilant, as well he may be, over the dedication of the New Bethel Ship. We give his letter in full.

"We have now stopped our work in the

Mission Room at No. 17 Holbergsgade, and are worshipping in our new and beautiful Bethel ship. Looking back I am lost in gratitude to God when thinking of five years ago, and that then the AMERICAN SEAMENS' FRIEND SOCIETY sent me to Copenhagen where nothing had been done,

apparently, for the saving of the seamen. Since that time the Lord has blessed our work and made it of great importance, and an instrumentality to rescue many sailors from the bottomless pit and from the miry clay. Numbers of seamen have found it good to be there for a few days, and have left strengthened in the inner man, ready to confess Christ. The interest of "shore people" has also increased more and more, both herein this city, and throughout the land.

Brief Account of Recent Labor.

"I have since my last report visited 800 vessels, distributed tracts containing the Word of God in different languages, and also visited Hospitals and boarding houses, besides I have preached the Word of God in the Mission in connection with our beloved brethren, Rev. Mr. PRIOR and Brother BORELLA.

"Of late I have visited the *Elsinore Mission* twice, where I preached to more than thirty seamen. The work there is prospering and doing good service. There were not sufficient benches to sit on, and I have promised to send them some of our old ones.—I have made one visit to *Korsor Mission* where I preached twice to large audiences of seamen and fishermen in the evenings, and in the day I visited and prayed with the sick and the poor, all of whom were exceedingly pleased and thankful for my visit. This Mission is undoubtedly doing much good. With that experience I left rejoicing.

A New Mission for Seamen.

"In Aarhns (Jutland), at the first of this month a Seamen's Mission and Temperance Boarding house was established. A mate who was converted in our Copenhagen mission has become the proprietor. He has an excellent Christian wife, and both of them will do what they can to benefit the seamen there.

Dedication of the Bethel Ship.

"On the 12th of this month the Bethel Ship was dedicated to the Lord's services. It is very nice, and in every respect all

that could be expected. It will hold comfortably 250 persons, besides having in it a fine reading room, prayer room, etc. Rev. Dr. KALKER conducted the service on the occasion, Pastor PRIOR also taking part. The sermon preached was from *Gen. xxviii, 15—17*. A number of the "great men" of the land were present. The Royal family were invited and would have come but were prevented. Every thing said and done was appropriate and satisfactory.

"A vote of thanks was given to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY and to all who had been interested in the enterprise. Prayer was offered for God's blessing to rest upon His work here and elsewhere.

"Thousands of people have now visited this Mission Ship in the few days it has been opened, and we thank the Lord for His goodness and mercy, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

From a friend outside Rev. Mr. Wolleson, we receive the following letter which attests his esteem in the city where he so faithfully and successfully labors, and the interest in work for seamen existing in the community:—

"I enclose a translation of a letter sent to Brother Wolleson by a lady who has been an earnest worker in the Seamen's Mission here at Copenhagen, since it first began.

COPENHAGEN, Nov. 13th, 1881.

Dear Friend and Brother:—

"I felt very sorry not to see you and your dear wife at my house last evening, and not I alone, but many others of your dear friends felt disappointed at your absence, and missed you very much. We all feel to thank God, who has blest the Mission work among the men of the sea so much that every place has hitherto been too small, and also for having given us a large and beautiful Bethel Ship, where we can be better accommodated. We look forward with joy and gratitude to Him who can do for us exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think, in the full assurance of hope, that this house now consecrated to his service will be filled.

"It is around you, however, that the sailors are gathering. It is you, before any other, that God has blest with grace to win their love and confidence. We all owe you our thanks, because without you (speaking after the manner of men) the work would not have prospered so much in these few years, and this is what I would have brought up last night when we were gathered together in the social circle. I propose to ask the gentlemen who are at the head of the Mission to give to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY a short sketch of how the work has prospered here, and how it is getting on, with a vote of thanks for starting the Mission, and also for aiding us.

"In conclusion I send to you in remembrance of the celebration of the dedication of the Bethel Ship, this small sum (100 Crowns) to aid the poor seamen through the coming winter.

"If we cannot get accommodation for the needy poor in the Bethel Ship I trust in God to open some other place. Dear friend, let us look away from man and humbly thank Him who has counted us worthy to be His instruments in doing good. Grace and peace be with us all. My love to your wife.

"Yours in the Lord, sincerely,

A. R."

Large drawings received from Copenhagen give a view of the outside and also of the interior of the new Bethel Ship. It is large, commodious and convenient, and we congratulate the Danish friends who have provided it for seamen's use, on the result of their efforts.

France.

HAVRE—TROVILLE.

The London *Christian* reports that through meetings held upon the Portsmouth and Gosport (Eng.) Seamen's Mission Ship, which has been moored in these harbors, a good work of grace has lately been going forward. The preaching has

come from a young fisherman who was converted to Christ at the Brixham (Eng.) Bethel, and his fellow fishermen in France are said to be deeply moved by his simple and earnest addresses.

Turkey.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

In February, 1880, a "Rest" and Coffee Room was established with funds from Great Britain. We understand from Miss M. A. WEST, who is now in this country, and proposes to raise \$30,000 for a building, in which its work, including a medical mission, shall go forward,—that its advantages are afforded to seamen, and that here as at Smyrna, the scene of former labors by Miss W., the "sailors' work" has been peculiarly interesting and fruitful. Miss West's address in New York is 264 Fifth Ave., care Mrs. C. R. ROBERT, and funds for the "Rest" are received by Rev. Dr. ORMISTON, 17 West 32nd St., New York, JAMES TALCOTT, Esq., 108 and 110 Franklin St., New York, Dr. C. R. Agnew, 266 Madison Ave., New York, and by Dr. HENRY FOSTER, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

Chili, S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL, acting as custodian of funds provided for the erection of a monument to the memory of seamen who were slain in an engagement between British and American vessels in this harbor, February 28th, 1814,—has finally secured its erection. The money, \$390, was contributed by the crews of the U. S. S's *Richmond*, *Omaha*, *Adams* and *Pensacola*.

At Stations In the United States.

Maine.

VINAL HARBOR.

Mrs. D. L. CARVER reports to us that during 1881, she has distributed numbers

of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE among seamen at that port, with good results. She requests further supplies for 1882, which we shall be most happy to grant.

New Hampshire.

PORTSMOUTH.

Mr. H. C. KNIGHT, Secretary, writes:—

"The Seamen's Home re-opened Nov. 12th, under the charge of Mrs. WINGATE and her son, Mr. WOODBURY WINGATE, having been renovated and put in excellent order.

"Our old harbor cannot be said to lack commercial life, when we can say that 86 steamers, 5 barks, 6 brigs, 606 coasting vessels and 513 fishing vessels have come into port during the last year. In addition to these, many government vessels have been at the Navy Yard.

"In years past, coasting captains sometimes complained of the want of safe anchorage for their crews. The Home removes this cause of complaint and we cordially invite their co-operation and patronage. More than this, we ask them to find it out at No. 8 State Street. They will be well served at an excellent restaurant. The reading-room is cheerful. In it the SAILORS' MAGAZINE finds a conspicuous place, and lodgings are to be had as good as any can be."

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.

The *Congregationalist* reports considerable religious interest as manifested at the Seamen's Bethel.

Virginia.

NORFOLK.

In the quarter ending Nov. 15th, 1881, Rev. J. B. MERRITT, chaplain, visited 622 vessels, distributed 12,050 pages of tracts, 1,471 papers, 380 SAILORS' MAGAZINES, 273 religious and other papers, 57 Bibles and Testaments, and aided 24 seamen.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

"In all our departments of labor," writes Rev. L. H. PEASE, chaplain, "we are going on very prosperously. We

have preaching in three or four different languages and expect soon to commence special religious services." The chaplain transmits a petition for the abolition of advance wages to seamen, headed by the Mayor of the city, and signed by many leading citizens connected with the shipping interest, as well as by various shipmasters.

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.

The "Sixteenth Annual Report of the Union Bethel" is printed with the forty-first report of Bethel work in Cincinnati, and the twenty-first annual report of the Ladies' Bethel Aid Society. Sunday religious services for seamen have been regularly held during the year, with a larger attendance than ever before. A good amount of benevolent work, in ministration to the destitute, is reported. The Memorial Service for PHILIP HINKLE, one of the special benefactors of the Bethel, which was held Oct. 31st, 1880, is fully reported. Work was carried on for the year at an expense of \$10,305.31.

England.

RAMSGATE—LOWESTOFT.

WILLIAM WHITMORE, missionary, has our thanks for the last reports of the Ramsgate Harbor Mission and of the Sailor's Home at R. Sixty-eight shipwrecked sailors were received into the Home in '81; 35 English, 23 Norwegian and 6 French. In a private letter from Mr. Whitmore we learn that a "Smack-Boy's (fishers') Home" has just been completed at R. He also speaks, as follows, of a very notable work of grace among seamen at Lowestoft, England, and we commend this record to our readers' close attention:—

Conversions at Sea.

"It has given me very much pleasure, to hear of a great work of grace going on at the present time among the fishermen at Lowestoft. About one hundred conversions have taken place among the men at sea.

"These men are on their fishing voyages about five weeks at a time in the North Sea. They have many Bethel flags at sea with them, and it is their custom to hoist them on the Lord's Day, as signals of invitation to their brethren to join with them in little meetings convened for prayer, praise, reading the scriptures and exhortation. This is carried on as regularly as wind and weather will permit.

"Eye-witnesses have told me that they have never before seen such clear manifestations of the power of the grace of God. Some of the men converted to the truth as it is in Jesus, have been known to me, personally, for many years, as evil doers, drunkards, and bold blasphemers; but they are now clothed, in their right minds, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

"This work commenced with the men at sea, and continues to be carried on by them without any other human instrumentality.

"Surely the out-look is bright, and laborers among the men of the sea should take courage; for the Master hath said,—"*Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*"

Severity of Recent Gales—Lives Lost.

"I am sorry to say the gales that have visited these latitudes during the last two or three weeks have proved most disastrous in the loss of life among our poor fishermen on different parts of our coasts, leaving many hundreds of widows and orphan children. We have a loss of six fishing vessels at this port, taking with them thirty men and boys, leaving thirteen widows, and about forty-two orphans to mourn their sad loss! I have visited all these poor distressed people, and tried to comfort them as best I could; trusting they all may find the Lord to be according to His promise. The calamity has caused quite a gloom to come over this port. God grant that it may lead many of the living to think of their latter end!"

LONDON—BOOKS FOR SAILORS.

"Some months since," says the *London Christian*, "there was an exhibition of sailors' book-bags in the premises of the Religious Tract Society. A number of the bags were subsequently gifted to the Thames Church Mission for use on board some of the numerous vessels that are visited by the missionaries of that Society. The bags are beautifully ornamented with texts and floral designs in crewel work, and are readily accepted by Jack."

A Hymn at Sea.

O God we look to Thee;
Whose way is on the sea,
While forth we sail!
Our ship in safety keep!
Guide us across the deep!
And bid the tempest sleep,
And stormy gale!

Our skill and strength are vain,
If, vexed, the furious main
Its surges rear.
Within their angry grip
Crushed is the stoutest ship,
And blanched the boastful lip
That mocked at fear.

Our strength and helper, Thou?
O help and guard us now,
And evermore!
With courage fill each breast,
To bear and do the best,
Till we at anchor rest,—
Our perils o'er!

Thus our life's voyage guide,
Bid passion's storms subside,
Our way command!
May we obedient be,
To serve and honor Thee,
Till we have crossed the sea,
And reached the land!

When on the peaceful shore,
At home forevermore.
In Thy embrace,—
The pure and good among,
We'll join the happy throng
Who sing in endless song
Thy saving grace!

Rev. E. Hopper, D. D., in New York Observer.

Memorial Service.

An impressive memorial service was held in the church at Groton, Nov. 20th, in view of the death of Sanford H. Miner and Captains Strickland and Buddington, lately lost at sea.—*Boston, Mass., Congregationalist.*

A Notable Work.

Let no reader interested in the progress of the Kingdom of God among men omit to read the account of an outpouring of God's Spirit on seamen, reported by Mr. WHITMORE on p. 23.

The Danger and Appeal of the U. S. Life-Saving Service.

We publish elsewhere a full abstract of the last report of the Superintendent of this service, to June 30th 1881. But no sooner has the country read, with the usual interest, and with a worthy pride, the noble record,—than it is summoned to contemplate a new danger to its efficiency, if not to its existence,—the fact that by reason of the inadequate pay for the arduous labor of keepers and surfmen, the prospect impends that they will be forced to leave the service, in various parts of the country, but especially on the New Jersey Coast. We confess to an opinion that the time has fully come when every demand of this service should be promptly and fairly considered by Congress and fully provided for. Under the reorganized system by which it has been administered since 1871, the administration and fruit of the service have been so praiseworthy and profitable,—and its advancement in value so marked from year to year, that we feel bound to urge the speediest provision by Senators and Representatives for its wants of every nature. Let the regular pay of patrolmen and keepers be now permanently set at a sum which shall not only enable the hard-working men to provide fit comfort for their families, while they are at the Stations, but ensure to the service the steady benefit of their continually enlarging experience. The facts in the case are stated by an Inspector of the service, as follows:—

“Yes, some of our best men are leaving the service because of the small pay upon which it is impossible for them to more than support themselves in a most niggardly way, without taking into consideration the support of their families. The keepers, who receive from \$400 to \$600 per year, may have their families at stations, but the surfmen do not enjoy this privilege. These keepers are obliged to live at or near the stations during the entire year, and have to care for all the property and apparatus during the summer as in the winter. Upon this salary the keepers must support themselves and families and incur the dangers of the service.

The surfmen, who receive \$40 a month during the season when they are employed, perform duties constantly perilous while struggling against wind and waves to save human life. The life-saving service is eminently one of experts. When a wrecked vessel is swept fore and aft by the seas, and men, women and children are clinging to shrouds and bulwarks, the man who can best take out the life-boat through the breakers is the man we must have for the service. The gunner who can cast at the first fire the shot-line over the breaking deck when the night is blackest, and there is nothing to guide his aim but the spot of light made by the ship's lantern in the rigging, is the man the service demands.

“There is in the service a corps of daring and able men. If they should leave it their positions must be filled by inferior men, in whose hands the work would deteriorate greatly. The men now employed have long experience, have been proved to be of the utmost value to the service, and the places of many of them cannot be filled satisfactorily. Their pay has always been considered insufficient, and their repeated demands have been met with promises that Congress would be more liberal with them. They have become wholly discouraged and now that the cost of living has been increased, their situation has become desperate.”

Shipping men and others express much sympathy with the men, and hope that they will be treated more generously. It is understood that the men would not ask for any increase in pay if they could be served the navy ration, or money in place of it, equal to thirty cents per day. Among the resignations of keepers there are those on the New Jersey coast, and one of the stations on the coast of Texas has been discontinued because of the resignations of the crew, who claim that, being far from any settlement, the difficulty in getting supplies makes it impossible for them to live upon the wages paid.

A Plea for Technical Schools.

A friend illustrates his plea for them, in part, as follows:—

“I had occasion to call on board a ship to procure a situation for a lad, and was told: “Dont carry any; eat as much as a man, and don't know anything.” That man lost sight of the time when he was

taken by the hand, commenced in the tar-bucket, and worked his way to the quarter-deck. As far as he was concerned for others, the ocean might go unploughed by the keel of a vessel after his body laid under the sod or beneath the billows of the ocean. On the other hand, called on the commander of the fine ship *D. B.*, of New York, for the same purpose. "I will take him," was the prompt response. This Captain thinks of those who are to come after by giving the lads a nautical education, and thinks of their moral education, as well, by having separate apartments for them. Can we doubt that while he lives, and after he has cast his anchor in the haven of rest, many will bless him in their memory?"

Real Sympathy.

"With my prayers and best wishes for the poor sailors this coming winter, and for those who so kindly care for them." So wrote a lady in transmitting \$25 for our treasury, in November last.

Obituary.

REV. C. W. DENISON.

This life-long and large-hearted friend of seamen, whose contributions to the pages of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE have for many years given great pleasure to its readers, will write for them no more. He died at Washington, D. C., where he had passed the last years of his life, Nov. 14th, 1881. Rev. Mr. Denison will long be remembered by those who ever knew him, with the kindest regard, and the fact that but a few days after he sent to us his graceful poem, "Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Last Voyage," printed on page 12 of our current number, he was called away from earth, will invest it, in their minds, with peculiar interest.

MRS. SUSIE GURR MATTHEWS.

We note with heartiest sympathy the sudden death in London, Eng., Nov. 11th, 1881, of Mrs. Matthews, late the wife of Rev. E. W. Matthews, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. A short sketch of her life and death is given in *Chart and Compass* for Decem-

ber. It is proposed to raise a fund of not less than £1,000, the interest of which is to go toward sustaining Sailors' Missionaries in ports outside of the British kingdom in memory of Mrs. Matthews.

CAPT. DAVID WOOD, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

"His death is announced, in the American papers," writes to us Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, of Honolulu, H. I. "It appears," he says, "that he attained the venerable age of eighty-eight years, having been born, April 3d, 1793. I have good reason for remembering this noble old shipmaster with feelings of gratitude and satisfaction. Our acquaintance was formed in the spring of 1849, when he was in command of the *U. S. Massachusetts*, carrying two hundred soldiers, from New York, via Cape Horn and Honolulu, to Oregon Territory. These were the first U. S. troops landed in that part of the world, and the *Massachusetts* was the first steamer, which sailed up the beautiful Columbia River.

"Captain Wood kindly invited me to be his guest and accompany him to Oregon, and from thence to California. It was during the Spring and Summer of that ever-memorable '49," so noted in the annals of California and this part of the world. After visiting the coast and traveling through the mining regions, I returned in August to Honolulu, while Captain Wood continued to command vessels running to Oregon and up the Sacramento River. During the following year, 1850, news reached Honolulu, that a Captain Wood had died of the Cholera, on his return East, *via* the Isthmus of Panama. Having good reasons for believing it was my old and esteemed friend, I wrote an obituary notice, which will be found in the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE for 1851, (vol. xxiii, p. 236,) heading it "A CHRISTIAN SHIPMASTER FALLEN."

"During this long period of thirty years, we have occasionally exchanged letters, and I have never failed, when opportunity offered, to make every possible enquiry respecting his welfare. From the

recent obituaries, I learn that for twenty years he has been President of the "Five Cent Savings Bank." He is spoken of as a man of eminent piety, and I can testify, that from my pleasant intercourse with him, I was led to infer that he was one of the most conscientious men I ever knew; and I readily imagine he must have been a most helpful aid and support of the Episcopal Church in Newburyport, of which he was Warden.

"As he was a class-mate of Prescott the historian, at Cambridge, he had many anecdotes to relate about their undergraduate life at old Harvard University. I remember to have heard him relate how, while sitting at the "Commons Table," and the students were engaged in sportful chat, a classmate accidentally threw a small crumb of bread, which entered Prescott's eye, and resulted in his partial blindness.

"The record of a life like that of this venerable and Christian shipmaster, Bank President, Warden and citizen, is a noble testimony to the truth of the religion of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ."

Sailors' Home, New York.

Reported by F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

NOVEMBER, 1881.

Total arrivals..... 200
Deposited for safe keeping..... \$2,632
of which \$1,004 was sent to relatives and friends, and \$1,628 was returned to depositors.

Planets for January, 1882.

MERCURY on the 1st is a morning star; on the afternoon of the 6th, at 1 o'clock, is in superior conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is an evening star; on the morning of the 20th, at 6 o'clock, is in conjunction with the Moon, being 6° 47' south.

VENUS on the 1st is a morning star, rising at 6h. 39m., and south of east 31° 34'; on the 18th, at 44m. before midnight, is in conjunction with the Moon, being 4° 13' south.

MARS on the evening of the 1st is due south at 11h. 23m., being 27° 4' north of the equator; during this month is twice in conjunction with the Moon, the first time on the forenoon of the 3rd at 8h. 17m., being 5° 49' north, and then again on the morning of the 30th at 2h. 24m., being 5° 15' north.

JUPITER on the evening of the 1st is due south at 8h. 14m., being north of the equator 15° 44'; at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 10th is stationary among the stars in Aries; on the evening of the 26th at 11h. 7m., is in conjunction with the Moon, being south 2° 45'.

SATURN on the evening of the 1st is due south at 7h. 30m., being north of the equator 11° 3'; on the afternoon of the 6th at 4 o'clock is stationary among the stars in Aries; on the afternoon of the 25th at 5 o'clock is in quadrature with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is considered as an evening star; on the morning of the 26th at 5h. 8m. is in conjunction with the Moon, being south 5° 10'.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Marine Disasters, November, 1881.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 49, of which 26 were wrecked, 3 were sunk by collision, 3 were burned, 12 were abandoned, and 5 foundered. The list comprises 1 steamer, 8 ships, 16 barks, 5 brigs and 19 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,109,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *s. c.* sunk by collision, *b* burned, *a* abandoned, and *f* foundered.

STEAMER.

Howards, *s. c.*, from Cow Bay, C. B., for Portland.

SHIPS.

Humboldt, *w.* from Shanghai for New York.
Maritime Union, *a.* from Hull for San Francisco.

Martha, *a.* from New York for Hamburg.
New Era, *w.* from Hong Kong for San Francisco.
Ventus, *w.* from Singapore for Liverpool.
Edith Lorne, *w.* from Astoria for Queenstown.
Naval Reserve, *w.* from Liverpool for New York.
Glamorganshire, *a.* from New York for Dunkirk.

BARKS.

Victor, *a.* from New York for Stettin.
David Babcock, *w.* from New York for Rio Janeiro.
G. Broughton, *w.* from Brisbane for Portland, O.
Lammerlaw, *w.* from Newcastle, N. S. W., for Portland, O.
Hypatia, *a.* from Pascagoula for Guayaquil.
Saga, *w.* from New York for Bremen.
Macedon, *a.* from Pensacola for Greenock.
J. B. Bell, *a.* at Manzanillo.
Antioch, *w.* at Manzanilla.
H. A. Parr, *a.* from Liverpool for New York.
Lara, *b.* from Hull for San Francisco.
Maggie Miller, *a.* from Antwerp for New York.
Thomas Cochran, *w.* from New York for Leith, at Aberdeen.
Excelsior, *w.* from Coosaw for Bo'ness.
Ettie, *w.* from New Orleans for Bayonne.
Ada Wiswall, *w.* from New York for Buenos Ayres.

BRIGS.

Lillan, *w.* from Turk's Island for Philadelphia.
Emma, *s. c.* from Philadelphia for Halifax.
Bonnie Leslie, *w.* from P. E. Island for New York.
Salas, *a.* from New York for Palma d'Maj'a.
Arctic, *b.* from Trieste for New York.

SCHOONERS.

Ella, *f.* from Boston for Baracoa.
Nahant, *a.* from Boston for Rockport.
Good Intent, *w.* from Lubec for Boston.
Montana, *w.* from San Francisco.
John Darling, *f.* Long Island Sound.
Della Hodgkins, *f.* whaler.
L. & M. Donovan, *w.* from New York for Port-au-Prince.

Richard Moore, *f. rm.* Greenwich for New York.
Joseph H. Huddell, *s. c.* from Philadelphia for Boston.

Solon, *a.* from Rockland for Boston.
Alta, *w.* from Clifton, N. B., for Boston.
J. W. Brown, *w.* from Baltimore for Jacksonville.

Evergreen, *w. fm.* St. Andrew's, N. B., for Boston
Moses Knowlton, *f.* from Port Spain for Morant Cay.

Nellie Chase, *w. fm.* Raritan River for Portland.
Exertion, *b.* in Pamunkey River.
Mower, *w.* from St. John, N. B., for Philadelphia.

Henry Buschman, *w.* from New York for Windsor, N. S.
Star, *w.* on Cape Small Point.

Of the above, 3 ships, 4 barks and 15 schooners were owned wholly in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$289,760.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

OCTOBER, 1881.

Sailing Vessels.—84 British, 40 Norwegian, 27 German, 17 French, 15 Swedish, 11 Italian, 10 Russian, 10 Dutch, 5 American, 5 Spanish, 3 Austrian, 2 Portuguese, 2 Danish, 2 Greek, 1 Argentine Republic, 1 Belgian, 1 Chilean; total: 236. In this number are included 3 vessels reported missing.

Steamers.—18 British, 2 French, 2 German, 2 Norwegian, 1 Austrian, 1 Dutch, 1 Swedish, 1 Belgian, 1 Brazilian, 1 Chilean, 1 Russian, 1 Spanish; total, 32. Including 3 steamers reported missing.

Receipts for November, 1881.

MAINE.

Wells, Dea. George Beane, of wh. \$20
for a library in memory of his son
Marsena Beane..... \$ 25 00
2nd Cong. ch. and Society..... 7 39

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Epping, Cong. ch..... 6 68
Milford, Wm. Ramsdell for library... 20 00
North Hampton, Cong. ch..... 11 15
Sanbornton, Cong. ch..... 16 00

VERMONT.

Bellows Falls, Cong. ch..... 7 05
Methodist ch..... 4 31
East Clarendon, Cong. ch..... 7 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boxford..... 5 00
Caelsea, L. H. Keene, for library..... 20 00
Fitchburg, Calvinistic ch..... 30 65
Rollstone..... 11 62
Globe Village, Evang'l S. S. for lib's... 20 00
Granby, Cong. ch..... 11 57
Harvard, Cong. ch..... 19 25
Ipswich, 1st ch., additional..... 3 29
Lancaster, Evangelical S. S. towards library..... 10 00
Linden, Cong. ch..... 1 87
Lowell, High St. ch., of wh. \$40 for lib's 78 34
Lynn, 1st Cong. ch..... 6 64
Maplewood, Cong. ch. for library..... 20 10
Newburyport, Newburyport Bethel Society to const. Miss Susan N. Brown a Life Member..... 30 00
North Andover, Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for library..... 35 00
Pittsfield, Mrs. C. M. Bailey..... 5 00
Rockland, Cong. ch..... 22 20
Sandwich, Cong. ch..... 21 06
South Framingham, Cong. ch., of wh. \$40 for libraries..... 61 40

Spencer, Cong. S. S. for library..... 20 00
Sudbury, Cong. ch..... 13 64
Taunton, Winslow ch. and Society..... 12 32
Templeton, estate of Mrs. Maria P. Sabin, deceased, late of Templeton, Mass..... 100 00
Upton, Cong. ch..... 0 37
Westboro, Cong. ch..... 29 66
Worcester, Central ch..... 35 52

RHODE ISLAND.

Kingston, Cong. S. S. for library..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Guilford, 1st Cong. ch..... 5 00
Higganum, Cong. ch..... 6 00
Madison, Cong. ch..... 2 52
Middletown, 1st ch..... 56 16
Milford, 1st Cong. ch..... 25 00
New Haven, North ch..... 64 18
New London, 1st Baptist S. S. for library..... 20 00
New Milford, Ladies' Mite Society... 10 00
Norwich, 1st Cong. ch..... 25 00
Stratford, Cong. ch..... 26 29
Trumbull, Cong. ch. and Society..... 14 27

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, 2nd Pres. ch..... 50 00
Mrs. Louisa F. Cuyler for a library in memoriam Louise Ledyard Cuyler..... 20 00
1st Place M. E. ch., per M. Smith, Treasurer..... 12 00
Churchville, Cong. ch..... 10 00
Livonia, Deacon Coy..... 1 00
New York City, J. W. Hamersley, for libraries..... 100 00
Horace Gray..... 100 00
Frederick Sturges..... 50 00
Fairbanks & Co..... 50 00
Robert Carter & Bros., books for library purposes, valued at..... 50 00
Wm. A. Booth, of wh. for specific books for libraries, \$25..... 50 00
Samuel Willets..... 50 00
Wm. Rockefeller..... 50 00
Harding, Colby & Co..... 25 00
J. Evarts Tracy..... 25 00
Cash..... 25 00
E. P. W..... 25 00
Miss C. A. Hedges..... 20 00
Jno. E. Parsons..... 20 00
Joseph H. Choate..... 15 00
W. N. Blakeman, M. D..... 10 00
M. W. Cooper..... 10 00
Wm. F. Lee..... 10 00
A. P. Man..... 10 00
J. T. Denny..... 10 00
Wm. Borden..... 10 00
B. W. Merriam..... 10 00
M. J. M..... 10 00
Mrs. S. V. Hoffman..... 5 00
H. S. Ely..... 5 00
Duncan A. Grant..... 5 00
W. G. Lambert..... 5 00
Irving R. Fisher..... 5 00
Rev. W. W. Newell, D. D., for specific books for libraries..... 5 00
Capt. C. B. Averill, bark *Surprise*, for library work..... 5 00
W. C. M..... 5 00
Cash..... 5 00
Oswego, Grace Pres. ch..... 24 25
Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. ch., of which from H. L. Young, Esq., \$50..... 75 88
Woodhaven, Cong. church Missionary Society..... 5 00

NEW JERSEY.

Morristown, First Pres. ch., a friend for a library for City Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y..... 20 00

\$2,008 23



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days"—Ecc. II: 1.

Saved by Thought of His Mother.

A distinguished public man of Indiana, lately deceased, was engaged at the time of his sudden death, in writing reminiscences of his life. He was narrating to his daughter, who was writing from his dictation, the story of a terrible temptation which assailed him when quite a youth. By attention to business and correct deportment he had won the implicit confidence of all who knew him. This confidence was shown, when on one occasion—before the days of easy and rapid communication by means of railroad and telegraph—he was intrusted with \$22,000 to deliver in the then far distant Cincinnati. Day after day, on his long horseback journey, he guarded his treasure with the most scrupulous fidelity, without a thought of dishonesty. But he said,—

"There was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear. It was the old tempter that sung in the ear of Eve. It was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio river, when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. The noble stream was the great artery of commerce at that day, before a railroad west of Massachusetts had been built. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight,

covered with flatboats, with rafts, with gay painted steamers, ascending and descending, and transporting their passengers in brief time to the Gulf of Mexico, the gateway to all parts of the world. I had but to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond the reach of pursuit. There were no telegraphs then flashing intelligence by an agency more subtle than steam, and far outrunning it; no extradition treaties requiring foreign governments to return the felon. The world was before me, and at the age of twenty-one, with feeble ties connecting me with those left behind, I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant of my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what think you, gentle reader, were the associate thoughts that came to my rescue? Away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in a humble farmhouse, on a bench, an aged mother reading to her boy from the oracles of God."

At this point his voice suddenly choked, his emotions overcame him, he said to his daughter,—“We will finish this at another time,”—laid his head back on his chair, and died almost instantly.

For The Life Boat.

A. Noble Sailor.

Some years since a gentleman in the counting room of a New York house in the South American trade, was called upon by a sailor belonging to a vessel for a half pay order. Asking the sailor's name and that of the person in whose name the order was to be made, it appeared that they were not the same. This excited curiosity, and the sailor made this explanation,—that a mother with several children had come to board at the house where he was stopping, and as the husband and father was at sea, and they did not appear to be over and above comfortable, moneywise, he wished, at his departure, to leave a half-pay order for the mother of those children. He concluded his explanation by saying, "then I will feel as if I am working for somebody." How gratifying it is to think that in these days so many sailors are "working for somebody," even for the Captain of their Salvation. Let us encourage them by furnishing them with the means to do good, and sustain them by our prayers!

Noosing Sharks.

The island of Aitutaki, one of the Hervey group, in the Pacific, is surrounded by islets, underneath which are submarine caverns, the homes of sharks. The natives classify them as lagoon sharks, which are comparatively tame, and ferocious sharks, which spare nothing they can seize. The lagoon shark, about six feet long, is esteemed a delicacy, and the natives supply their feasts with the toothsome dish of a remarkable style of fishing:

Arrived over the entrance to the shark cave, the fisherman leaves his canoe to the care of his companions, and dives to the bottom, carrying with him a slip-knot of strong cord.

He expects to find two or three sharks at home, well satisfied and drowsy after feeding in the lagoon, with their tails toward the entrance. Selecting the larg-

est, the diver adroitly adjusts a noose over the tail, taking care that it hangs loosely. If he has another noose, he secures a second shark.

The shark catcher now, with one bound on the white, sandy bottom, rises to the surface, in order to assist his friends in hauling up the fish. The astonished sleepers beneath suddenly find themselves ascending tail first to the surface. Once inside the canoe, a smart blow from an axe between the eyes or on the tail ends its career.

But accidents sometimes happen to the bravest. One of the most successful shark catchers at Aitutaki was Reubena, whose ancestors had excelled at this perilous sport. Long practice had made him almost amphibious.

On Saturday morning he started off with two companions in a canoe across the placid lagoon to one of the more distant islets. Grasping in his left hand a noose provided for the occasion, he dove down to the entrance of a large submarine cave.

On entering it, Reubena found several sharks lazily resting themselves. In a trice a slip-knot was skillfully passed over the tail of the nearest shark without exciting its ire. The shark, at this critical juncture, moved so that there was not room enough for Reubena to get out.

He now gently stroked the side of the shark, and succeeded in inducing it to move away, so as to permit his exit. This operation is said to be very agreeable to the fish; but if through nervousness the shark be stroked the wrong way, its anger is sure to be excited, and the diver's life would be the certain forfeit.

Reubena was making his escape, when, to his dismay, another large shark came back from feeding in the lagoon, and blocked up the entrance with his unwieldy body. To get out now was impossible, for even Reubena dared not stroke the head of the monster.

The captive fisherman waited, hoping the shark would go farther in so as to

leave the opening free. Unhappily the huge fish did not move. Reubena's agony was intense; seconds seemed to be hours. Was he doomed to perish in a shark cave?

At last the shark passed on quietly into the interior, and Reubena was barely able to get out of the cave and rise to the surface. His associates in the canoe, who had become anxious for his safety, seized him by the hair and pulled him in, blood flowing from his ears, eyes and nostrils.

Delivered.

Nothing short of death itself is more impressive in the fact, and in the memory of it, than a narrow escape from death. In the incident here related there was an added feature of impressiveness.

Rev. Dr. HITCHCOCK, pastor of the American Chapel in Paris, returned from a visit to America in the *Britannica*. To his people on Sunday following his arrival home he gave an account, part of which we copy.

"On the first Sunday out from New York religious services were being held, the ship meantime enveloped in a thick fog. We had risen just after the sermon and were singing:—

"Eternal Father, strong to save
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep,
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh! hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!"

At the very moment we were singing this refrain,—rather offering this metrical prayer,—an ocean steamship darted out of the fog and crossed our bow, so near that an orange might have been thrown upon her deck, and shot on again into the mists. The ships were going at a high rate of speed, and it was a question of a "collision at sea," determined by the twenty or thirty seconds needed to reach the track of the stranger.

Had our ship been her length ahead, she must have received the blow in her side, as she must have given the blow had the other ship been as much behind.

The consequences I care not to contem-

plate, but believe me, that hymn we were singing has gained new meaning with some of us since then.

"Oh! hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!"

How He Measured Time.

Most persons enjoy a joke at the expense of the lawyers, and therefore everybody, the profession included, who reads the following sketch, drawn by the New York *Tribune*, will smile, audibly or inaudibly. The lawyer in the case was a well-known ex-judge,—an irascible but good-hearted old gentleman. It was an admiralty case where the deposition of a sailor, who was soon to die, had to be taken at his bed-side in Brooklyn.

"How long," the ex-judge snapped out as the first question on cross-examination, "do you think it was after the vessel left the wharf before the collision occurred?"

The witness was a sailor who was something of a character, and not so near death but that he appreciated the vital importance of "getting back on" a cross-examining lawyer.

"Waal," he drawled out, "'bout ten minutes, I s'd judge."

"Ten minutes: Ten minutes!" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping up. "Man, how long do you think ten minutes to be?"

"Jest 'bout ten minutes," was the unruffled reply.

"How do you generally measure ten minutes?" persisted the lawyer.

The old sailor turned slowly in bed and eyed his questioner. Then he turned back again and said indifferently, "Waal, sometimes wid a watch and sometimes wid a clack."

This made the lawyer a little angry. He jerked his watch from his pocket and said in a querulous, high-pitched voice, "Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you when to begin, and you tell me when ten minutes are up."

The sailor slyly winked at the lawyer on the other side, and he took in the situation in an instant and made no objection.

The ex-judge stood with his back to a mantel on which a little clock was quietly indicating the time to the sailor, who lay facing it.

"Aye, aye," the sailor said, and remained silent.

After three minutes had passed the ex-judge became impatient and exclaimed, "See, here, are you going to keep us here all day?"

But the sailor made no answer. As five and six and seven minutes went by, the lawyer became almost wild in his assumed anger at the man for keeping them so long beyond the time.

But not until the hand of the clock was on the exact notch of ten minutes did the sailor speak. Then he said carelessly,—

"Guess the time mus' be 'bout up,"

The judge put up his watch and sank back in his chair. "Well, he said, "of all the men, dying or alive, that I ever saw, you can measure time the best."

It is said that the ex-judge does not even yet know what made the other lawyer double himself over with laughter as he did at that remark of his.

One Way to Quench Thirst.

The agency of thirst at sea,—when mid-ocean calms or disasters that leave sailors afloat but shipless, have deprived a crew of their supply of fresh water—is aggravated fearfully by the sight of the very element they long for but cannot enjoy. As Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner" exactly expresses the situation:—

"Water, water everywhere,
And never a drop to drink!"

Nearly a hundred years ago, Dr. Lind suggested to Capt. Kennedy that thirst might be quenched at sea by dipping the clothing into salt water, and putting it on without wringing. Subsequently the captain, on being cast away, had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading part of the men to follow his example, and they all survived; while the four who refused, and drank salt water, became delirious and died.

In addition to putting on the clothes while wet, night and morning, they may be wetted while on two or three times during the day. Capt. Kennedy goes on to say, "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes."

After bathing and washing the clothes, we found ourselves as much refreshed as though we had received some actual nourishment.

From Shore to Shore.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

From shore to shore the bonny boat

Goes, and returns each day

O'erloaded with its human freight,

The old, young, sad, and gay.

The boat is strong, the waters clear,

The journey is not long.

The skies o'erhead are soft and blue,

And the boatman's arm is strong.

Would that adown the stream of life

All barks might safely glide;

But the other shore is far away,

And the river between is wide.

Some days the skies are overcast,

Some days they are glad and blue,

Some boats are wrecked on the cruel shoals

E're the journey is half way through.

And others weather the sudden storms,

And steer from the rocks away,

And out of the darkness of their fears

Sail into the perfect day.

But need we fear, when we think of it?

For whether the way be long,

Or whether the waves be rough or smooth,

The arm of our Lord is strong.

And trusting him, we may surely hope

That all in his own good way,

He will take us over the waters deep,

And at life's soft twilight gray

Still bear us on through the darksome hour

Of night, and its shadows drear,

Till we step at last on the other shore

Where there's naught of care or fear.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Corr. Secretary.*

WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., *Financial Agent and Assistant Treasurer.*

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston, Mass.,
U. S. A.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

Shipped in September, October and November, 1881.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1881, was 7,111; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 7,293. The number of volumes in these libraries was 391,970, and they were accessible to 278,840 men. Nine hundred and twenty-one libraries, with 33,156 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 105,236 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

SEPTEMBER, 1881.

During September, 1881, twenty-seven new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,256 to 7,274, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 6,879, 6,881, with Nos. 6,894 to 6,899, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
6879..	" Alden Kimball Library,"	Three mast schr. Morris W. Child.....	W. Indies.....	9
6881..	Cong. ch., Dorchester Village, Mass....	Bark Rebecca Crowell...	Buenos Ayres.....	11
6894..	Peck's Factory S. S., Pittsfield, Mass...	" Caro.....	New York and W. Indies.....	9
6895..	Salem Street church, Worcester, Mass.	Steamship Wilkesbarre.	Port Johnson.....	21
6896..	" " " " " "	Barkentine A. C. Dickerman.....	Savannah.....	9
6897..	Cong. church, Florence, Mass.....	Bark Jacob Howland....	Atlantic, Whaling.	32
6898..	" " " " " "	" Goodell.....	San Francisco.....	13
6899..	Mrs. Lucy S. Adams, Castine, Me.....	" Evie Reed.....	Australia.....	13
7256..	N. Y. Epis. church Seamen's Mission, New York City.....	U. S. Ship Lancaster....	Mediterranean....	350
7257..	N. Y. Epis. church Seamen's Mission, New York City.....	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	"
7258..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Steamer Caraccas.....	Venezuela.....	45
7259..	" " " " " "	Ship Sacramento.....	Batavia.....	23
7260..	" " " " " "	" St. David.....	San Francisco.....	28
7261..	" " " " " "	" Cornelius Grinnell..	Trieste.....	25
7262..	Alanson Redfield's S. S. class, S. S. Cong church, Madison, Conn.....	" Jacob M. Stamler..	Harre.....	17

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7263..	S. S. Cong. church, Hampden, Me.....	Bark Victor.....	Java.....	15
7264..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. Ship Portsmouth (School Ship).....	— — — — —	250
7265..	Clinton Ave. Ref. church, Newark, N.J.	Ship Tacoma.....	San Francisco....	26
7266..	First Cong. church, Meriden, Conn.	Steamer Alverton.....	Savannah and Eu- rope.....	23
7267..	A. B. Storer, New York City.....	Ship Coringa.....	London.....	25
7268..	Mrs. Emily W. Case, Winsted, Conn....	" Sunrise.....	Shanghai.....	20
7269..	" " " " " "	" Colorado.....	Sydney.....	18
7270..	Mrs. C. Thomas' Bible class, S. S. First Pres. church, Holland Patent, N. Y.....	" Ida Lilly.....	Manzanilla.....	20
7271..	Capt. J. C. Wolf and crew, of N. Y. Pilot Boat M. A. Williams.....	Pilot Boat M. A. Williams	Coastwise.....	11
7272..	S. S. First Pres. church, Geneva, N. Y..	Ship Mount Washington.	Portland, Oregon..	25
7273..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City	U. S. Steamer Fern.....	Light House Dep't.	30
7274..	S. S. Pearl St. Cong. chn., Hartford, Ct..	Bark Mary I. Baker.....	Java.....	20

Assignments were made during September, 1881, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

7254.	N. Y. Epis. church Seamen's Mission, New York City	Steamer Dorsett.....	Bristol, Eng.....	30
7255.	S. S. So. Soc'y, Lebanon, Conn.	Ship Minnie H. Gerow..	Genoa.....	20

OCTOBER, 1881.

During October, 1881, twenty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,275 to 7,288, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 6,880, with Nos. 7,300-7,308, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

7300.. Alden Kimball Library	Ship Pleiades.....	Montevideo.....	22
7300.. Annual Bequest E. N. N., Holbrook, Mass	Bark Roscinnis.....	Valparaiso.....	13
7301.. " " " " " "	Barkentine John C. Smith	So. Africa	9
7302.. " " " " " "	Bark Sam'l H. Nickerson	New Zealand.....	12
7303.. E. E. N., Holbrook, Mass.....	" "Hope On ".....	Pacific Ocean.....	30
7304.. Two S. S. classes, First church, Cambridge, Mass.....	Ship Sintram.....	San Francisco.....	25
7305.. Cong. church, Wellfleet, Mass	" Horatio.....	Pacific Ocean.....	34
7306.. S. S. Cong. church, Groton, Mass.....	" Thomas Lord.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	20
7307.. " " " " " "	Bark Crusader	Aspinwall.....	12
7308.. S. S. classes, Leominster and Lancaster, Mass.....	" Roebuck.....	W. Africa.....	11
7309.. O. B. Jennings, Fairfield, Conn.....	" Thomas A. Goddard	Java.....	12
7310.. S. S. First Pres. church, Geneva, N. Y.....	Ship Charles Dennis.....	San Francisco.....	28
7311.. S. S. Cong. church, Kingston, R. I.....	" St. Paul.....	" ".....	30
7312.. F. A. Libbey, New York City	U. S. L. S. Station, No. 13, Dist. No. 2.		7
7313.. " " " " " "	" " " " 1, " 4.....		7
7314.. " " " " " "	" " " " 3, " 4.....		7
7315.. " " " " " "	" " " " 7, " 4.....		7
7316.. " " " " " "	" " " " 25, " 6.....		7
7317.. Miss S. Corwith and sister, Bridgehampton, L. I.....	Ship Gov. Goodwin.....	San Francisco.....	28
7318.. S. S. First Bap. ch., New London, Conn.	" Ivy.....	Portland, Oregon..	25
7319.. Dea. Geo. Beane, Wells, Me., in memoriam his son, Marsena Beane	" Nyl-Ghau.....	Shanghai.....	25
7320.. John W. Hamersley, Esq., N. Y. City...	" St. Mark.....	San Francisco.....	28
7321.. " " " " " "	Bark C. B. Hazeltine....	Montevideo.....	17
7322.. " " " " " "	Ship Berteaux.....	Valparaiso.....	25

QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

During November, 1881, thirty-one new loan libraries were sent out from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,289 to 7,299, inclusive, with Nos. 7,400 to 7,409, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 7,309-7,318, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
7309..	S. S. Free church, Globe Village, Mass.	Bark Warrior.....	Rio la Plata.....	12
7310..	S. S. Cong. church, Spencer, Mass.....	" Beau.....	Melbourne.....	11
7311..	S. S., Tewksbury, Mass.....	Three mast schr. Henry Waddington.....	Philadelphia.....	8
7312..	Cong. church, Maplewood, Mass.....	Schr. Eagle Rock.....	Europe.....	10
7313..	Dea. Joshua Clark, Lowell, Mass.....	Ship Saranac.....	New Orleans.....	19
7314..	L. H. Keene, Chelsea, Mass.....	" Sea Witch.....	China.....	25
7315..	F. M. C. and T. M. C., Lowell, Mass.....	Brig Cora.....	Africa.....	8
7316..	William Ramsdell, Milford, N. H. . . .	Bark Pilgrim.....	Australia.....	18
7317..	Cong. church, No. Andover, Mass.....	Schr. Jacob M. Haskell..	Baltimore.....	8
7318..	Cong. church, So. Framingham, Mass..	" Mattie A. Franklin..	So. Africa	8
7289..	Second Cong. ch., Fair Haven, Conn...	Bark Peace Maker.....	Valparaiso.....	22
7290..	Groton Bank Bap. S. S., Groton, Conn..	" Georgie.....	Barcelona.....	12
7291..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Ship E. B. Sutton.....	San Francisco.....	28
7292..	Highland Union S. S., Highland, N. J..	" Frank W. Thayer..	" "	25
7293..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" Josephus.....	" "	28
7294..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	Bark Fannie H. Loring..	Guantanamo.....	12
7295..	" " " "	U. S. S. Brooklyn, Flag Ship.....	So. Atlan. Squad'n.	296
7296..	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	"
7297..	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	"
7298..	" " " "	Bark E. L. Pettingell...	San Diego.....	15
7299..	" " " "	Ship Theodore H. Rand.	Antwerp.....	20
7400..	" " " "	Bark Adolph Obrig.....	Portland, Oregon..	22
7401..	" " " "	U. S. S. Essex.....	Pacific Squadron..	167
7402..	" " " "	Bark J. F. Whitney.....	Liverpool.....	15
7403..	" " " "	U. S. S. Essex.....	Pacific Squadron..	167
7404..	" " " "	Ship Charmer.....	San Francisco.....	30
7405..	Mrs. Louisa F. Cuyler, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Bark Norway.....	E. London.....	12
7408..	A Friend, First Pres. church, Morristown, N. J.....	City Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	— — — — —	—
7409..	S. S. Pres. church, Dobb's Ferry, N. Y..	Ship Seminole.....	San Francisco.....	28

During November, 1881, twenty-seven loan libraries previously sent out were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,173,	No. 4,638,	No. 4,834,	No. 5,181,	No. 5,777,	No. 5,916,	No. 6,138,	No. 6,742,	No. 6,979,
" 3,638,	" 4,659,	" 4,835,	" 5,357,	" 5,802,	" 6,044,	" 6,193,	" 6,786,	" 7,025,
" 4,413,	" 4,829,	" 4,935,	" 5,471,	" 5,876,	" 6,099,	" 6,526,	" 6,800,	" 7,033.

SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in Sept., 1881—27</i>				<i>Libraries Reshipped in Sept., 1881—35</i>			
"	"	Oct.,	" —24	"	"	Oct.,	" —54
"	"	Nov.,	" —31	"	"	Nov.,	" —27
—				—			
82				116			

THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

LOAN LIBRARIES

For seamen, contain, on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE,—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. Each library ordinarily has two or three volumes in German, Danish, French, Spanish, or Italian:—the others are in English. The library is numbered, labeled and placed upon a sea-going vessel leaving the port of New York or Boston, as a loan to the ship's company,—every one being receipted, registered, and then assigned to the donor of the funds which pay for it,—who is thereupon notified of its shipment. For every contribution of TWENTY DOLLARS for that purpose, a library is sent out in the name of the donor.

For this part of its work, the Society receives funds,—very largely from Sunday-schools. Certain schools have sent out forty, twenty, or less libraries, and are adding, yearly, to these investments. The Society sends fifty copies of the LIFE-BOAT, a four page paper, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-school contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. And it mails, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same.

The ends aimed at for twenty-three years past, in making up these libraries, may be named, in the reverse order of their importance,—as (1) recreation and amusement, (2) the civilization, softening and humanizing of seamen, (3) the imparting to them of solid information, (4) their religious instruction and impression.

THEIR RESULTS.

These Loan Libraries have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—*As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.*

HOW TO SEND THEM OUT.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money-order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.

WILL YOU NOT SEND ONE OR MORE ?

*" If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet ;—*

*You can stand among the sailors
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away."*

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1838. INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

The payment of Five Dollars makes an ANNUAL MEMBER of the Society, and of Thirty Dollars, at one time, a LIFE MEMBER. The payment of One Hundred Dollars, or of a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, makes a LIFE DIRECTOR. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is sent, when asked for, gratuitously, to Life-Members and Life-Directors, upon annual request for the same. It is also sent, gratuitously, to pastors of churches which take a yearly collection for the Society.

Form of a Bequest.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

Loan Libraries For Ships.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., at the shortest notice.—Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York City Bible-Society, 150 Nassau Street.

Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor.

Sailors' Homes and Private Boarding Houses.

Location.	Established by	Keepers.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 422 South Front St.	Penn. " " "	
WILMINGTON, N. C., Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. " " "	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	David Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.
NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored)	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners' House ..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St ..	Seamen's Aid Society.....	Mrs. Wingate and Son.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....		Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.		

Mariners' Churches.

Location.	Sustained by	Ministers.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison.....	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 365 West Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets.....	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, Van Brunt, n. President St.	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. O. Bates.
Navy Yard.....	" " " "	" T. D. Williams.
BOSTON, North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
Cor. Hanover and Fleet Streets..	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St., n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society....	" J. W. Thomas.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, C. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard.....	Baptist.....	
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.		" E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" Chas. McElfresh.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	" R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. } Friend Societies. }	" J. B. Merritt.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society....	" James W. Craig.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" Wm. B. Yates.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street near Water..		
NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" L. H. Pease.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" J. Rowell.
" " " "	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" E. A. Ludwick.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" R. S. Stubbs.

1882

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
29	30	31	26	27	28	26	27	28	29	30	31	...
...

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	1	...	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	28	29	30	31	25	26	27	28	29	30	...
30

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y., U. S. A.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1828.

INCORPORATED APRIL, 1883.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Corr. Sec'y.* Wm. C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*

Bethels, Sailors' Homes, Chaplains and Missionaries sustained and aided in thirty-four Seaports in the United States and Foreign Countries.—Seventy-two hundred New Loan Libraries (395,000 volumes) reaching more than 300,000 seamen, placed on vessels at New York and Boston, since 1858-9.—Sailors' Magazine, (54th volume) monthly, \$1 per annum.

JULY.							AUGUST.							SEPTEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	1	1	2	3	4	5	1	2
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	29	30	31	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
30	31

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	1	2
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
29	30	31	26	27	28	29	30	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
...	31